

# POETRY.

## Carolina Forever.

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessing attend her,  
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her.  
The Yankees may sneer at and whittling defame her,  
Yet our hearts swell with pleasure whenever we name her.

### CHORUS.

Hoory! Hoory! Carolina forever,  
Hoory! Hoory! for the fearless and brave.  
Carolina! Carolina! her flag floats in glory,  
Her name is sweet song and in story;  
She has wrongs she will never submit to oppression,  
And her sons are all willing to die for secession.  
Carolina! Carolina! though Lincoln may curse her,  
And send down his cohorts to drive and coerce her,  
He will find that our men are better and braver,  
Than the traitorous folk that attempt to enslave her.

Carolina! Carolina! with hand firm and steady,  
With heart brave and dauntless, old Georgia stands ready  
To share in your perils, repel all aggression  
And strike for disunion in spite of concession.

Then three hearty cheers, one loud long Hosanna,  
For the brave band of heroes across the Savannah,  
Who have taken the lead in this new declaration,  
Which gives us our freedom and makes up a nation.

## MISCELLANY.

### Brutal Outrage on a Citizen of the United States.

A late issue of the Toronto (Canada) Leader contains a long and vivid narrative by M. F. Loveridge, publisher and editor of the Troy Morning and Weekly News, of the indignities and cruelties he suffered at the hands of Black Republican ruffians. Did other demands permit we would transfer to our columns this entire account. We are obliged to confine ourselves to a limited space.

In the following paragraph this gentleman tells the subjects of Queen Victoria who he is and what he has done:

I am the publisher and editor of the Troy (N. Y.) Morning and Weekly News—An office purchased by my own exertions. My father, the late C. Loveridge, edited the Troy Mail in 1838-'39, in the same place. It was a Whig paper that he printed. My sheet was Democratic. Whether the paper was able or rapid, whether it had five hundred or five thousand of a circulation, does not matter; it was my paper—my property—and devoted to the great cause of National Democracy. It was my means of livelihood—and I worked by day and by night to inculcate such views of national policy as animated my party, which comprises a very large and respectable minority of the people of the State of New York.

From the time of the secession of South Carolina, I have urged the recognition of the Confederate States of the South by the Federal Government. Every hour it was delayed strengthened the secession cause. Mr. Lincoln's imbecile policy could have no effect but to unite the entire South. Had I been of the Republican faith, my policy must have been the same; for I know what the proud, money-making North will not see, that they cannot coerce the South. They may protract the war twenty years, and drain the nation of its best blood and treasure, but they can only crush the South when every man within its borders bleaches his bones in the golden sunshine of its patriotic land.

While the populace was under the madness aroused by the news of the fall of Sumter, Mr. Loveridge boldly denounced the war upon the South as barbarous and foolish. This course brought down upon him the threats and curses of the crazy multitude, but in spite of the danger he continued to maintain the cause he had taken. His issue of the 17th contained among other offensive things, a striking letter to Horace Greeley. The paper had been circulated, and Mr. Loveridge was putting up the daily mail, when the Mayor, George B. Warren, accompanied by two men adorned with rosettes, came into his office.—The Mayor advised him to modify the tone of his paper, and admonished him if he did not he would suffer violence, openly admitting that he had not the means to protect him. A few minutes after the Mayor left, the following scene occurred:

A crowd of twenty men, all wearing rosettes of red, white and blue, then marched up to my office. Some of them had small flags in their caps. I recognized the most of them, as faces I had seen, but could not call them by name, nor locate them.

The Ringleader—Is Mr. Loveridge in?

Mr. Loveridge—I am the man.

The Ringleader—We are, sir, a Vigilance Committee of the Public Safety to—

Mr. Loveridge—Hold up. Your pardon a moment. Are these numbers invading my office intended to intimidate me?

Voices—No matter. Yes. What then?

The Ringleader—We come to warn you, sir. You must retract all you have said in this day's issue, or we will tear your building over your head. We give you twelve hours to leave town, if you will not retract.

Mr. Loveridge—(unfolding a copy of the Troy News)—Towards! scamps! What is the offence I have committed? The Mayor has been to see me. His authority I recognize. Yours, I defy. If I must leave town, so be it. I will not retract.

Voices—(going down stairs)—We will see we will see!

Mr. Loveridge (to the Ringleader, leaning over the banisters)—Will you not tell me your name? You are speaking to me like a man behind a black silk mask. Will you not let me respect your courage? Your brute courage?

The Ringleader—No, I will not give you my name. You can find it out. Every one knows me. You heed my warning.

Mr. Loveridge—Then I cannot even respect you for physical or brute courage. Cannot this crowd furnish one champion, to fight like a man, with one poor, sick, fragile citizen like myself? I only weigh 113 pounds.

The crowd went down muttering curses, and "we'll see."

I went on mending my papers. A Republican grocer, that I will not post, for he is not even fit to whip, came in and said, "Mr. Loveridge, please withdraw my advertisement."

"Sir," said I, "the order is needless—it has been done." "How much have I to pay?"

"Nothing, sir, to you—I do not wish your money." "He! he! he!" laughed the grocer, "then I am so much the richer." (The man will never reach Tophet.) He then took my mail box. "You are sending papers South," said he. "Very well." It is none of your business. I seized the mail box, and pointing to the stairs, whispered, "You go down stairs at once." He left.

On his way to the postoffice with his mails, Mr. Loveridge was pursued and seized by the mob, and was taken from their hands by the

Mayor. The populace wild with rage wrested him from the Mayor, and threatened him with death if he did not demand his papers from the mail. He was again saved by the municipal intervention of the Chief Magistrate.

Mr. Loveridge thus closes his narrative of outrage and brutality. It is obvious that his intrepidity alone saved him from mortal injury.

I dare not, for the sake of others, tell who helped me on my way. I was watched, as were they. In Syracuse a gallows is erected for one of her wealthiest citizens. The Syracuse Courier is threatened with sackings and its editors with the gallows. In Lookport there is no longer freedom of speech. In Buffalo the Press is muzzled. I have papers to prove this.

Gentlemen of the Canadian press, the duty of the hour with you is plain. I do not come here to interfere in your politics, discuss our institutions to plead for slavery, or do anything unbecoming a man who seeks an asylum from a Reign of Terror. I do not ask you to endorse my statements; but if you wish corroboration it is plenty in the Republican prints.

Mr. Barnum, of Buffalo, comes out, and, in all the papers, states he is accused of being a Secessionist when he is a Republican, and has let the salaries of his hands run on when they went to the war. Facts like these show conclusively that this war is the French Revolution, with the additional horrors of the servile element. A suspected man is unsafe. To keep your mouth shut will not do. You must endorse the war. You must obey the mob.

Perhaps I am the first of the emigrants from the other side of the line, but I shall not be the last. This excitement must run its fearful length. It is no longer a question between North and South alone, but between freedom of the same section.

It is not pleasant to be an exile, but it is better than to be the slave of the mob. If "to thrive with the time, men must look like the time," then all I can say is, I cannot look like these days of blood. I had rather have free speech and bear a free heart, even though under the protection of a throne, than feel I was a coward, the tool of the vilest of all despots, that of a frantic, vicious mob, who seize on times like these to wreak their coarse hatreds on truer and better men.

This recital of cruel wrongs in a Canada paper has disturbed the Lincolns. The Tribune remarks upon it, and timidly remonstrates against the rudeness of the citizens of Troy.

### Prof. Low's Aerial Voyage.

We condense a few sentences from the Professor's own statement of his late balloon voyage, from Cincinnati to Unionville, S. C., in nine hours, written by request of many ladies and gentlemen living in the sections over which he traveled:

His preparations for the voyage were completed on Friday, the 19th April. At 12 that night he commenced inflating his globe, there was hardly a breath of air stirring, and the moon and stars shone brightly. At three o'clock the work was completed, about three quarters of an hour more passed in making attachments, adjusting instruments, consisting of a fine mercurial barometer for measuring altitudes, the altimeter, for getting latitude, a telescope, thermometer, and a patent double polar line needle compass. Thus provided, with a quantity of provisions, hot coffee, fruits, blankets, and a number of copies of the morning papers, just from the press, and a good supply of ballast, the new air ship gracefully ascended the length of the rope. Seeing that everything was right, the professor bade adieu to the friends who had so generously denied their rest to assist him, and in another moment the "Enterprise" mounted the ethereal vault in a north-westerly line. The beauty of the scene here baffles description; the moon had set, and the city of 170,000 sleepers, with its thousands of gas-lights glittering through the pitchy darkness was indescribably beautiful. Through an atmosphere as still as death, the bold navigator ascended higher and higher, until the gas lights gradually grew small as the twinkling stars, and he felt that he was floating through the heavenly orbs. At 4 o'clock and fifteen minutes, a grey light appeared in the east, and the city of Cincinnati, with her tiny lights still glittering through the foggy mist, was fading away on the west north-west horizon, showing that his coast was a little south of east.

"At a quarter to 5 o'clock, the light of day was spread over the surface of the earth, the stars had disappeared, and the beautiful farms of the Ohio Valley were spread in loveliness. At 5 o'clock and 5 minutes the sun showed a golden rim above the horizon and soon sent a golden shower over the globe overhead. The rays of the sun drying the atmosphere enabled the ear to ascend an altitude of 11,000 feet. At this height, my appetite being sharp, I partook of a hearty breakfast, after which I took my glass for the purpose of hunting out objects of interest; I discerned high peaks of mountains on the eastern horizon. At nine o'clock I was passing over the northern range of the Cumberland mountains, and here my course changed to the south-east. Below and for miles around, was a barren wilderness, but at some distance ahead I could see an occasional farm house. Being desirous of ascertaining with more certainty my exact position, I let off gas, and gradually approached the earth. Seeing some persons at work in a field, I asked, 'What State is this?' The men, without answering, looked in all directions but upwards, and fearing that I should miss them, I again sang out at the top of my voice, when the reply came, 'Virginia'; they still looking to a cluster of bushes, from whence probably came the echo. I then asked what county, and threw out some sand to clear the tops of some tall trees. This struck the ground with a spatter, and caused them to look up, and instead of answering the question, a yell of horror arose from them, and if the fleetness of foot is any indication of fright, then they must have been terribly frightened."

"I was now mounting upwards, and at 15 minutes to 10 o'clock, I crossed the Alleghenies, going a trifle east of South. About 75 miles ahead was the Blue Ridge mountains, extending north and south as far as the eye could reach, and to the south-east could distinctly see its highest peaks which divided North and South Carolina. By discharging ballast and letting off gas, I reached an altitude of 22,500 feet above the level of the sea. Here the thermometer fell 10 degrees below zero, the water, fruit and other things froze, and it required all the clothing and blankets I had to keep me warm. But I had gained one victory—I had cleared the mountains, whose tops were covered with snow, and was rapidly moving to the east. It was now 12 o'clock and I could distinguish the blue ocean in the eastern horizon. Not having ballast enough to remain at that great height, I gradually descended to within 12,000 feet of the earth. Here the current was a little south of east, and knowing that the coast in that direction was an uninhabited swamp, and being desirous of landing near a railroad, I descended to look out a good place. I heard the firing of cannon, and concluded I was near some village, and on nearing the earth, over a plantation, caused great consternation among the inhabitants. They would not render me any assistance, but threatened destruction to the 'hellish contrivance' that had frightened them so; but I learned that I was in the township of Spartanburg, near the line of North and South Carolina. They would not believe that I had left Cincinnati that morning, and informed me, that they would be very thankful if I would leave, and ordered the negroes to let go the ropes. I ascended 7000 feet, and traveled about twenty miles further east, which occupied half an hour, during which time I heard many discharges of what I took to be muskets. Not knowing, but being apprehensive that the globe was the object of firing, I prepared for making signals, when I should again near the earth. Thus prepared with hat in one hand and valve rope in the other, I began to descend. When within half a mile of the earth I heard loud cries of terror, and saw people running in all directions, but was determined to land this time, come what would. In five minutes more the anchor took a firm hold in a short scrub oak, and the car gently touched the ground. I saw several heads peeping around a log hut—I called them, but they took no notice, until I threatened to cut loose and run over them, when two white boys, three old ladies and three negroes ventured within 20 feet of me. A gust of wind touched the balloon, and they made a stampede, but when I told them it was fastened, and could not hurt them, they returned in company with a stalwart young woman, six feet high and well proportioned, and took hold of the car. I inquired what was the matter in the house, and was told that several old persons were praying, as they thought the day of judgment had come. I then asked if any white men were about. They said they expected them every minute, that they saw the great thing coming and had run for their guns. Men arrived with muskets, threatening destruction to the 'devil' that could travel through the air; one added that he followed it ten miles and had shot at it six times. The tall young woman assured me there was no danger, for all the men then in the neighborhood were cowards, the brave ones having gone to the wars. Procuring a team, the machine being packed, under a guard of nine armed men, I arrived at Unionville, and arrived in front of a stone building with a small chequered window. A council was held with the jailor, who refused to allow any such animal as they described to come into the building. I was then taken to a hotel, and soon found persons of intelligence who assured me that I was among friends. Here I remained over the Sabbath and was visited by many persons of fine education, who informed me that of all places in the South, the spot where I landed the inhabitants were the most ignorant, they could neither read nor write. Professor Lowe received the hospitality of the courteous citizens of Unionville, and a cord acknowledging the receipt of Cincinnati papers of the same date, signed by the following gentlemen, P. M. Wallace, Editor, A. W. Thompson, Jesse Lamb, M. D., Joseph Fant, Sheriff, Thomas McNally and A. Powell.—Professor Lowe expects to cross the Atlantic Ocean in two days, during the ensuing summer in a balloon.

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"At a quarter to 5 o'clock, the light of day was spread over the surface of the earth, the stars had disappeared, and the beautiful farms of the Ohio Valley were spread in loveliness. At 5 o'clock and 5 minutes the sun showed a golden rim above the horizon and soon sent a golden shower over the globe overhead. The rays of the sun drying the atmosphere enabled the ear to ascend an altitude of 11,000 feet. At this height, my appetite being sharp, I partook of a hearty breakfast, after which I took my glass for the purpose of hunting out objects of interest; I discerned high peaks of mountains on the eastern horizon. At nine o'clock I was passing over the northern range of the Cumberland mountains, and here my course changed to the south-east. Below and for miles around, was a barren wilderness, but at some distance ahead I could see an occasional farm house. Being desirous of ascertaining with more certainty my exact position, I let off gas, and gradually approached the earth. Seeing some persons at work in a field, I asked, 'What State is this?' The men, without answering, looked in all directions but upwards, and fearing that I should miss them, I again sang out at the top of my voice, when the reply came, 'Virginia'; they still looking to a cluster of bushes, from whence probably came the echo. I then asked what county, and threw out some sand to clear the tops of some tall trees. This struck the ground with a spatter, and caused them to look up, and instead of answering the question, a yell of horror arose from them, and if the fleetness of foot is any indication of fright, then they must have been terribly frightened."

fur ye, a new sensation—an I believed it, for I began to feel it already. My toes felt like little miners war, a nibble at 'em—a cold streak run up and down my back like a lizard, my heart felt hot and unsatisfied like, an then I'd a out old-Soul's throat, if she'd hinted at needlessly for such a operation. Then she pored out ten or twelve blue papers of the sody inter a big tumbler, and about the same number of white wuns inter tuther tumbler, and put ai onto a pint of water on both of 'em, and sturd 'em both up with her finger, lookin as solum as a ole jackass in a sno storm, when the fodder's all gin out. She hilt wun while she told me to drink tuther. I swallowed it at wun run—tasted salty like, I thot it wur part uv the sensation. But I wur mistaken, all ov the cussed infernal sensation wur to cum, and it wurnt long at it, hoss, I'll tell yer. Then she gin me tuther tumbler, and I sent it after the fast, ree hoss fashion. In a bout a minit and a half I thot I'd swallowed a thrashin morschen in full blast, ur a couple of bad dogs, and they bad sot in fer fitin. I seed that I wur cotched agin—same famerly disposition to malk cussed fool ov myselfes evry chance—so I broke for mi hoss. I stole a look back, and thot Sicily lay on her back in the porch, a screamin with lafin, her heels up in the air, a kickin uv them together like she was a tryin to kick her slipper off. But I had no time to look then, so the rode from me to the house was full of foam, two feet wide and four inches deep—looked like it had bin a anoin—poppin, and a hiss, and a bilin, like a tub of hot sope sud. I had gathered a cherry tree lim as I run, an' I lit a straddle of my hoss, a whippin and a kickin like mad. This, with the skeery noises I made (for I wur a whisin, an a hiss, an a sputterin, outer mouth, nose and eyes, like a steam injine), sot him to rarin and coortin like he was skered out'n his senses. Well, he went. The four roald, and the ole black hoss flew. He ject wizzled—scared n to de, and so wur I. So we 'greded on the pint ov the greatest distance in the smallest time.

"I amed fur Doctor Goodman's at the Hwassee Copper Mines, to git sumthin to stop the explosion in my inards. I met a serkit rider on his travels towards a fried chicken and a hat full of ball biskits. As I cum tavin along he hilt up his hands like he wanted to pray fur me, but bein as I proferd fistic to prayer, in mi peccoliar sittywashun at that time, I just rolled along. He tuck a skeer as I cum n to him, his faith giv out, an' he dodged hoss, saddelbags and overtook, inter a thicket, jest like you've seed a terk take water of'n a log, when a tarin big steamboat cum along. As he past ole man Burnses, Sicily hailed him, and axed him if he'd met any body in a hurry gwine up the roald. The poor man thot perhaps he did and p'rhaps he didn't, but he'd seed a site, uv a spook, ur a goot, uv ole Beelzebub himself, ur the konit, he didn't adackly no which, but taiken all things together, and the short time he had far preprashun, he thot he met a crazy, long legged, shakin Quaker, a flecin from the path to kum, on a black and white spotted hoss, a whippin ov him with a big bresh, and hed a white beard what cum from ui unto his eyes to the pumhill of the saddle, and then forked an went to his nees, and then sumtimes draped in bunches as big as a krow's nest to the ground, and hearn a sound like a rushin of mint waters, and he wur mightily exercised about it any how. Well, I guess he wur, an' so wur his fat hoss, and wur ole blackey wut exercised ov all ov em wur I, myself. Now, George, all this beard and spots on the hoss, and steam, and fire, and sno, and wire tails, is oudacious hembug. It all cum out'n my inards, droppin out'n my mouth without any vomitin or effort, and of it hadn't I da busted into more pieces than that is sigs in a big catfish. The Lavengoods are all confounded fools, and dad ain't the wust uv 'em."

THE DUTY OF ALL.—War, at best, is a dreadful scourge. Most wars ordered or permitted by God, are judicial punishments for the wickedness of a nation. Often nations equally wicked, are allowed to execute His purposes on each other, and nations are sometimes divided to scourge each section. Our present case may be one of this sort. Personal wickedness has been rampant in the country for years. Political degeneracy, official corruption, fraud, trickery, and moral degradation have infested and ruined and perverted the government. Weak, wicked men have brought it to the precipice over which it has tumbled. Yet we cannot doubt that God has a mission for our country, yet unaccomplished. Upon this land rests the responsibility and the duty, of spreading the light and enlarging the area of civil and religious liberty.—This perhaps, can be better done by two or three Republics, than by one.

God may chastise us. What is our duty in such a case? First, let us not fight against God. He must be propitiated by repentance, humility, and reformation. Resist your enemies, but propitiate Jehovah. He is just and merciful. Repent towards God, but fight for your country, for your rights, for your wives and your children. Fight, but pray. Banish intemperance, swearing and licentiousness from your armies and your people. If you must fight, yet repent and pray, but fight, and God will hear and forgive.

### REPORT

OF the Commissioners of Roads and Bridges of the 5th Regiment, S. C. M. Whereas, a vote having been served upon the Commissioners of the 5th Regiment, S. C. M., Fall Term, 1860, for not reporting as the law directs, we beg leave to submit the following Report of Receipts and Expenditures for the year A. D. 1860:

J. W. Singleton, Treasurer, in account with Board of Commissioners of Roads and Bridges: Money in former Treasurer's hands, \$52 53 Paid to Carter Durham, by former Treasurer, part for building Bridge on Rice's Creek, \$ 35 00 By the same to Bilesha Alexander, for Plank to cover Boggs' Bridge, 15 00 24 per cent. commission, 1 25

Oct. 10—Received of E. H. Griffin, former Treasurer, \$ 1 08 The assessment for the year 1860, was 860 00

May 6—Received of J. W. Cary, T. C. 100 00 May 12—Received of J. W. L. Cary, T. C. 200 00

May 28—Received of E. A. Gray for extra Sheep, 1 50 July 14—Received of J. W. L. Cary, T. C. 400 00

Aug. 22—Received of J. W. L. Cary, T. C. 100 00

Sept. 20—Received of Larkin Hughes for extra Sheep, 1 00 Oct. 8—Received of Wm. Hester, jr., for extra yearling, 2 85 Oct. 13—Received of Henry Williams for 4 extra Sheep, 4 00 Received of J. Bates for extra Sheep before I was appointed Treasurer, which I had not returned to the Treasurer, 1 50

1860 DISBURSEMENTS.

May 6—Paid, by order of Board, to Richard Lendhart, for repairs on George's Creek Bridge, \$ 14 00

May 12—Paid Robert Trotter for work on Blythe's Bridge, 20 00

May 12—Paid J. B. Hendrix for blasting Rock on Eastatoe, 40 00

May 12—Paid Alfred McCrary for blasting Rock on Eastatoe, 14 50

May 19—Paid W. T. Shumate for work done on George's Creek Bridge by Henry Lark, com. Briggs' order, 84 00

May 19—Paid S. Powell for J. H. Coleman for repairs on Earle's Bridge, 7 50

June 2—Paid J. H. Williams for removing drift from Earle's Bridge, 1 50

July 13—Paid James Farr for repairs on Chick's Bridge, 26 40

July 14—Paid Wm. Holden for work on Blythe's Bridge, 75 00

July 14—Paid J. W. L. Cary balance of an order to Carter Durham for work on Rice's Creek Bridge, 14 50

July 17—Paid J. B. Clayton for work on Twelve Mile and Golden's Creek Bridges, 100 00

July 25—Paid R. F. Morgan for Plank to cover lower Keowee Bridge, 11 10

July 25—Paid J. C. O'Bryant for repairs on upper Keowee Bridge, 18 00

July 28—Paid B. C. Jones for repairs on Hagood's and Peter's Creek Bridges, 5 00

Aug. 2—Paid C. Barrett for repairs on George's Creek Bridge, 15 00